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and exposes the false."*

# PSYCHIANA

Monthly  
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In this Issue:

HEALING



"SPOOFING"  
CONAN DOYLE



KILLING THE BIBLE



"DON'T QUIT"



A SUICIDE



DEPRESSION



MINUS GOD

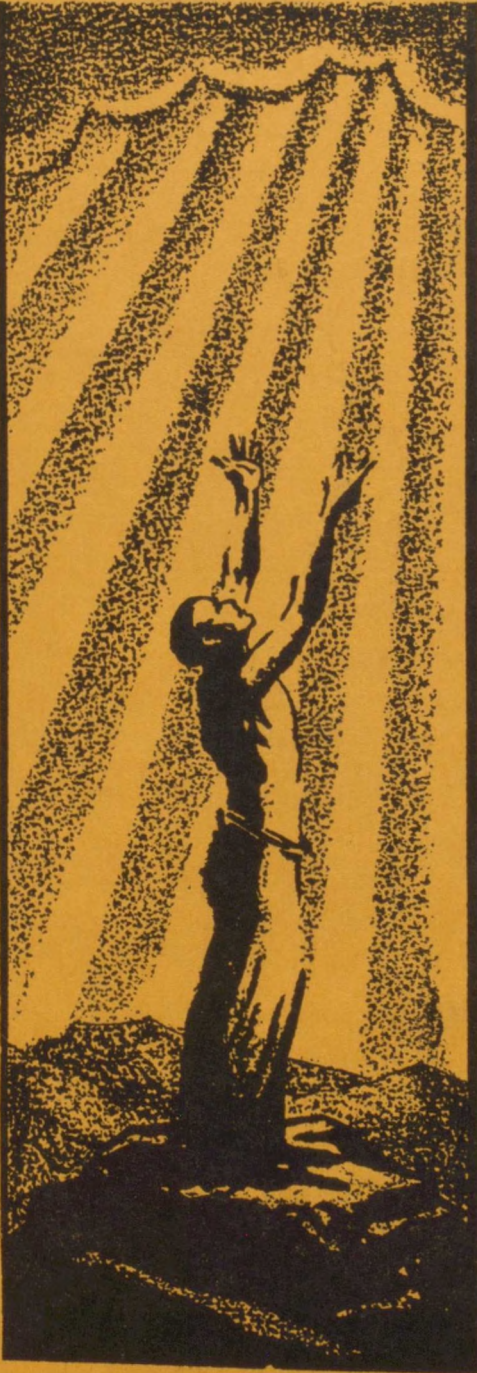


THOMAS A. EDISON



WILLIAM A. PELLEY

and many other inspiring and  
hard-hitting articles from the  
pen of Dr. Robinson. This mag-  
azine stands for the TRUTH  
without any whitewash.



February, 1932



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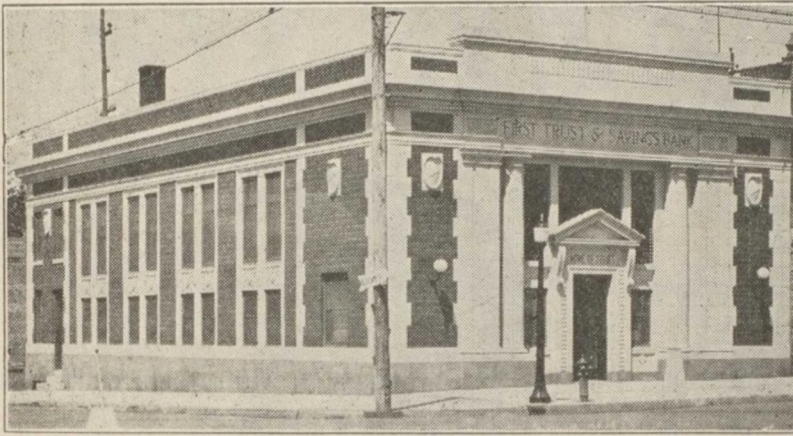
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NOBODY KNOWS," Editor "PSYCHIANA" MONTHLY, and Founder  
of THE "PSYCHIANA" BROTHERHOOD.



Vol. 2

No.2

# "PSYCHIANA"

## MONTHLY

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF "PSYCHIANA"

(*The New Psychological Religion*)

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FRANK B. ROBINSON, D.D.  
Editor.

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### ADVERTISEMENTS

We check all advertising offered to us, and that acceptable to us is considered to be perfectly reliable. We allow no advertising to appear in this magazine that we cannot conscientiously recommend. Clean advertising is welcome.

### CIRCULATION

The remarkable growth of "PSYCHIANA" and the demands of our students have brought this magazine into being. Just as soon as humanly possible this magazine will appear on the news-stands nationally. We welcome constructive suggestions and want to be of real service to all in showing what we believe to be the truths of God. (Not the church god but the Living God.)

### VISITORS

Please do not come to Moscow to see Dr. Robinson unless you have an appointment made beforehand. This will save possible disappointment. The subscription price of this magazine is 25c a copy and \$2.50 a year. Foreign subscriptions \$3.50. All Dr. Robinson's works except magazine articles appearing in the national monthlies, may be obtained from us.

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## HEALING

When the writer released to the world "PSYCHIANA" he had not the slightest idea of it ever being connected to any great extent with the "healing" art. Nothing was further from his mind. Never in his life had he ever pretended to be a "healer" and never had he thought that "healing" would enter into the activities of "PSYCHIANA" to any appreciable extent. However, the contrary seems to be the case, for this course of instruction had not been going very long until requests for "healing" began to come to us. We give one lesson in our large course to healing, and we have always known that the existent power of God was more than sufficient for every condition no matter what it might be. We did, however, consider the healing of the mind or the spiritual part of man to be of paramount importance, knowing full well that when our students contacted and found the power of God, then, rightly knowing and using that power, they would find it to be without limitations.

So we did not stress healing, nor do we stress it now, and at this point perhaps it may be well to give some little space to the subject, for there seems to be quite a lot of misapprehension about it. A certain magazine wrote us recently, asking for an article telling its readers how our "healings" were accomplished. We replied, and the article appeared in due form. In that article I made the statement that I was positively at a loss to know how these healings were accomplished. I most emphatically denied being a "healer" to any extent in which anyone may also be the same thing. I stated further the method employed by me when these telegrams came to us, and perhaps it will be well here to enter into a calm, rather exhaustive analysis of this whole question of healing. For there is a lot of misunderstanding connected with it.

We have "psychological fakers" who, for pelf, will say or do some hocus-pocus and these charlatans foist themselves off onto the public as "healers." Well, let me say here, that there is nothing connected with the healing art that is not absolutely scientific. There is no such thing as any "faker" healing anyone. True, there may be mental cases which have nothing the matter

with them except perhaps weak mentality, and these cases may seem to react to the formulae of the "psychological faker." Then again there are other and absolutely honest men, women, and institutions who are honestly attempting to apply the healing art whenever and wherever they have the opportunity to do so. Like myself, these men, women, and institutions make no charge whatsoever for their services. The fact that they are able to help is more than payment enough for them.

Then again, we have good honest souls who have a faith that seems to be immovable and they, in their intensity of desire of the healing of some wrong condition, implore their god for this healing. Usually, however, it is in vain. They do not understand the process by which healing comes. They have an idea that all one has to do is to lift their eyes to heaven, implore the god of the heaven to remove the physical defect, and it will happen. Let me say to all of such that in 99% of those cases, no healing of any sort can or will follow. That is not the way, and by such tactics the Law of Healing is *not* being complied with, and so cannot function. For remember, we are governed by immutable and inviolable Law—nothing more not less than that. And you may depend upon it that under all spiritual healing (so-called) and under any healing, there is a Law which is being complied with—otherwise there could be no healing at all.

I want to take a broad view of the matter at this time, and I want to argue from the standpoint of the materialist. I shall attempt to give them no loophole and shall give the facts as they exist so that there can be no chance of criticism. I shall leave nothing to chance, but shall state the facts as they are known to exist. In the first place we know that sickness and illness and death do exist. There can be no getting away from that fact. Leaving out of the question entirely whether or not these things should be or are in the natural order of things, we know that they are here. We know, and know positively and definitely, that in almost every case of functional and organic illness, there is present some germ or other. Denying the existence of these bugs does not eliminate the fact of their



presence. They can be stained with some aniline or other dye, and seen under the microscope. We know they are there and none but an ignoramus or a fool would deny their presence.

We know in every case of active tuberculosis, there appears the little waxy rod. We know and can classify, and can see in such diseases as diphtheria, typhoid, scarlet fever, tetanus and many others, some definite germ structure which is immediately recognizable for what it is. It always appears in cases of these particular illnesses. Some have been called streptococci, others staphylococci, others trypanosomes, etc. The names make no difference at all, as they have only been given to these bacilli to classify them. We do know that they are there. Then there is another thing we know. We know that serums, bacterins, etc., may be made by taking millions of these germs, killing them, and injecting into the system millions and billions of these dead bacteria, and anti-bodies, and we know that in many cases, this method makes the patient immune to the further ravages of these diseases. For instance, it is a well recognized fact that anti-diphtheria serum is practically a sure specific, if given at once as soon as the disease is discovered. A man would be all kinds of a fool, if he contracted diphtheria, to depend upon some faith or other, when we have on hand, and know we have it, a serum which will check this disease. Unless such an one has demonstrated oft-times his ability to contact the mighty power of God, he had better get the best physician he can find, and take the serum. For, let me repeat, we are controlled by immutable, never-failing Law. And the serum is a part of that Law.

In these germ diseases, it is the usually accepted theory that the germ itself causes the disease. I am not so sure that I agree with that, and it may yet be discovered that the germ is a result of the disease instead of the cause. We know that people, far removed from contact with others, have contracted such diseases as diphtheria, etc., which diseases are supposed to be contracted only through contact with those having the disease. And we know that this is not always so. For instance, epidemics often get started and spread from one to the other, and the land has been peculiarly free from them up to that time. So this would seem to

sustain the theory I hold, that in many cases the germ is the result of the disease, and not the cause. However, we will not go into the matter here.

Then again we have illnesses and sicknesses which are not of germ origin. You fall down and break a leg. You fracture the spine and are confined to your bed with your back in a cast for years and possibly forever, as long as you live. There are no germs active here. And under this heading "healing" we must consider the whole question of all illnesses, and not take just one kind and concentrate on them. There is a vast difference, however, in the curative process taken from the spiritual angle, but we shall perhaps come to that in another article. What I want to do here is to merely examine this subject, and determine perhaps just what one may expect and what one may not expect in dealing with healing arts.

Now, going back to the beginning—to the very point at which *life* came to this earth. And it makes no difference whether it be 6,000 years or 6,000,000 years ago. At some time or other it came. For there was a time when life was *not* here. I am not so much concerned about the creation nor the method of creation as I am about the fact that we are here. There did come to earth, some time or other, the very first principle of life. The Spirit of Life came here somehow and at some time in the past. It was the Spirit of Life. It must have been for it brought life with it. It was life, and in understanding healing, it will be well to remember this fact. Now—either this Spirit of Life brought with it the spirit of death also, or, this spirit of death and disease came later. For it is here. The chances are many to one that the Spirit of Life did not bring death to the world at all. That would hardly be likely for it would not be reasonable to suppose that the same spirit that brought life, also brought death too. But death and illness are both here—and very much so.

What we have to do then is to try and find out whether this death and disease spirit or whatever it may be, can operate more successfully than can the Life Spirit which came to the earth so long ago. If it can, then there can be not so much hope for anything helpful or constructive along the lines we are researching in. For these sickness and death germs are here. Now did they come with the Spirit of Life, or did



they come after? Why did they come? What were they sent here for? Is it necessary in the upward evolution of man for these germs to be and for sickness and illness to go unhampered with nothing to combat it other than medical science. Medical science has gone a long way already, and will go a long way further yet. Personally I do not believe the answer lies in that realm, however. I am of the opinion that the unseen or mental or spiritual realm contains the answer. And if it does then I want to look at it for a little while here and see what we can discover about it.

At this point it may be advisable to take a few specific cases of definite healing known to me. I can speak with absolute authority in such cases. Take my own little Alfred for instance. A few years ago he was taken ill. He had been playing on the next street with the children of a family of friends. Three of these kiddies came down with infantile paralysis. Then Alfred was taken down. The doctor was called and his examination revealed the fact that Alfred had all the symptoms of infantile paralysis. Throat conditions were there. Knee reflexes were gone. The fever was high, and every symptom pointed to this dread disease. And the doctor—a very high class man, pronounced it as such. He requested that Alfred be moved to the hospital at once. I advised him, however, to call again at ten o'clock the next day, and if Alfred was still ill, he could then take him to the hospital. As a matter of fact when he did call the next morning, Alfred was out in the street playing baseball.

Now here was a case where there can be not much question about the little fellow being down with infantile paralysis. Playing with the infected kiddies. All the known symptoms present to such an extent that the physician stated without a moment's hesitation that that was the disease. And yet—the next morning the little fellow was playing baseball on the street. I am going to tell you exactly how that was accomplished, and exactly what happened in that case. I love that little fellow as very few men ever love anything. It's almost a holy love I bear to that boy. I would be happy to drop my life at any moment for the sake of that boy, and if by my dying I could bring him just one moment's happiness, or save his little life, I would shout with gladness at

the opportunity of doing it. That's how I love my Alfred. Almost too sacred a love to talk about—but a very happy love at that.

Realizing that night that something had to be done for Alfie, I went into his bedroom. The little fellow was tossing around in his fever. The little lips were parched, his face was flushed, his respirations were fast. He was a sick boy. I loved that little fellow though, and I wanted him to get well. I did not want him to die of infantile paralysis at all. Now here my friends is exactly what I did. And in passing may I state that there was absolutely no doubt in my mind but what he would immediately recover. Not that I understand the power used at all, for I do not. No man can understand God. But had there been any doubt in my mind, I would have had the physician take him to the hospital at the earliest possible moment. As it was I would not allow him moved that day.

I shall never forget it as long as I live. I stood there watching that little form breathing very heavily and labored. A feeling of intense love and pity stole through me and, laying my hand on the little fevered brow that I have learned to love so well, and, raising my eyes slightly, I said: "In the name of the Living God, I command you to be immediately whole." I stood there for a moment. It seemed that Alfie gave a big sigh, and turned over. I retired for the night, and in the morning Alf was up before I was. Never have I attempted to explain the methods by which that and other of our healings are accomplished. Most of the cases are far from here. I have never seen them. I do nothing. That is nothing visible. But there goes out from me immediately a thought perhaps, and the thought is directed to the mighty Life Spirit of the universe. Then I dismiss the case from my mind. Usually I send them a wire stating that the case will recover—or I do not answer it at all. But when I do send the wire, you may depend upon it the result is sure.

Now, for the benefit of the materially minded, let's look at these cases for awhile. There is no question about the illness. Nor in many of these cases is there any question about the germ being there. But something happens at this point. Perhaps a greater power than the germ is brought into play.



At any rate, those bugs have lost their hold on the patient. I shall not attempt to try and show how, for of course I do not know. Now it will be contended here that it is not possible for anything except a material thing to kill bacillus. I shall be told by my medical friends that such is an absolute impossibility. Perhaps so. But more than likely is it a fact that I have come in contact with the Power of God, which power the surgeon and physician cannot know, speaking materially and in the case of the destruction of bugs as I call the germs. These bugs lose their power. The patient recovers. In the cases where no bugs are present, say in cases of heart trouble, etc., then the result is the same.

This carries us back to the Life Spirit which, at some time and in some way came to this earth. It also shows that this same Life Spirit is far stronger than even the natural law of life, if one can call the germ structure of disease natural. But whether the structure be called unnatural or natural, I think we have had enough cases to admit that there is a power which can be used against such illnesses. I do not ignore nor deny the physical existence of those bugs at all. I have seen too many of them to do that. But in these cases, and we have had lots of them I assure you, I do not pay any attention to them at all. For I am trying to deal with a power higher than the bugs. And they are mighty powerful ofttimes. But you see, in not recognizing the power of those bugs, in not even giving them a thought, and by going directly to the Life Principle behind it all, there seems to be a power released which is far greater than the power of a bug, whether streptococcus, staphylococcus, or any other sort of coccus. I can come to no other conclusion, my friends. I am not at all interested in the *how* nor the *why* of it all, I am interested in the *result* of it all. Nor shall I attempt to analyze here the process. I have seen enough of it to know and to know full well, that there is in existence, an unseen power,

so dynamic that all powers and forces fade into insignificance beside it. And I have seen enough of the remarkable operations of this power to know that it works in illness. Not in every case mind you, for there are times when I am just too tired to even think of these cases. Then again there are lots of other things entering into the matter too. So I am not saying that the results are obtained in every case. I believe it to be absolutely possible for the results to be manifested in every case, even to raising the dead, were the operations of the God-Law fully known. But we do not fully know that Law yet. Some of us are learning. But the fullness of the power of God is not yet known. Perhaps it shortly will be—I have hopes that it will.

Now I do not want this article to bring in to me a flood of telegrams and letters, etc., which it probably will do anyhow, but I am asking please that this not be done. If you have a case of illness dear to you, then, if you believe in God at all, place your hand on the afflicted head and say what I said. Perhaps you will have the necessary belief and trust to accomplish what we accomplish here. If you have not, then get two or three together—I mean two or three who believe in the presence and power of the Living God, and then have all three lay their hands at once on the sick, and in the name of the Living God-Law, command that sick one to arise. If you will do this in the spirit of absolute faith and belief, you may be astounded at what may happen. I am very much in favor of the concentrated efforts of more than one man or woman in handling illness. There is a Law that two or three are far more competent than only one. Perhaps there is a "PSYCHIANA" student in your midst. If there is, then he or she will know what to do. But I think in absolute honesty or sincerity, I can say to you that if faith as a grain of mustard seed is manifested in God, your results will be sure. And they will be in exact proportion to the faith displayed.

## SPECIAL NOTICE TO ADVANCED STUDENTS

We will disclose a short cut to INITIATION to ALL those who are willing to perform THE GREAT WORK! Here is the TEST. Can you do exactly as you are told, just one simple easy thing, and KEEP SILENT FOREVER about your success? Then send your name and address with one dollar to C. F. Russell, Secretary.

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MAKE SURE YOU KNOW YOUR OWN MIND BEFORE YOU ANSWER!



You say you can't have faith? Yes you can. You are alive, are you not? Well, I'm talking about the Life Spirit that moment by moment sustains you. You believe you are alive, do you not? All right—the mighty power of God that makes you live is the power I am talking about. I don't think illness can withstand the power of the Life of God—do you? Herein lay the secret of the healings of the *Man of Galilee*. And as the beautiful hymn says:

"At even ere the sun was set,  
The sick Oh Lord around Thee lay,  
Oh in what divers pain they met,  
Oh with what joy they went away.

Once more 'tis eventide and we,  
Oppressed with various ills draw near  
What if Thy form we cannot see,  
We know and feel that Thou art here.

*Thy touch has still its ancient power,  
No word from Thee can fruitless fall,  
Hear in this solemn evening hour  
And in Thy mercy heal us all."*

And beloved, this same power the Carpenter Man of Galilee used *has still that ancient power*. And that sweet spirit is just as able and willing to heal all here and now as it ever was when Jesus manifested its presence. The wrong word in that beautiful hymn is the word "ancient." For while true it is an old power, yet it's as fresh and as full as it ever was. It thrills the heart and throbs the soul, and waves and waves of joy flow over and into and through the soul that knows that power. Ah—if you only knew and ever had but one faint touch of it, you would no more ask the question whether or not there was anything in divine healing. For the power of God can melt the heart of a stone, and will drive every last vestige of illness out when it is brought into play. For it mellows the soul, and fills it with a power very few know. It instills a holy boldness coming from God alone. It is God. It is Life. It is peace. It is joy. It is health.

Yesterday a few friends came to see me. They wanted to hear me run over a few old hymns on my pipe-organ. As I sat there looking at the instrument, this thought came to me: There is a world of power and music in that organ. The motor is going full blast;

the generator is sending electricity into every part of it. The keyboards, which are but the switches, are there, waiting for the touch of the organist. Then I thought as I walked over to that instrument, how like God that organ was. Surcharged with power—only waiting for the man able to touch the proper keys to make it send forth its wonderful tones. And God is like that really. There is the power—there is the great God-Law—there is the Life—only waiting for you and I to take it. Only waiting for you and I to comply with the God-Law.

Whenever I play that organ, my little eight-months old Florence makes a bee-line for the pedal manual, and crawls from one end of it to the other while I am playing. She hits every one of those base keys, and I always have to shut off the pedal switches when I see her coming. For if I did not shut those switches off, the music I might be making would be immediately discoloured by the inharmony the little baby would unconsciously be causing through depressing the pedal manual keys. She would not be conscious of the fact that she was making inharmony, and in fact she would be having a wonderful time down there between my feet. And if I looked down and spoke to her, which I invariably do, that little face would light up with a smile of God, and she would immediately make matters worse by starting to climb up my legs to get on my knees. But she would be causing inharmony just the same, although doing it perfectly innocently. And so for this reason I have to cut off the supply of power to the pedal manual so that there can be no wrong chords issuing to mar the music of the organ.

It's a crude illustration, but it's a true one. Many a time we find no connection with God either, because we are not employing the correct technique for finding Him. So His power is not there—for us—under those circumstances. Perhaps it may be that you have only learned half the Lesson of faith. Perhaps you have learned only the *asking part*. Well, that's the most simple part of faith there is—anyone can *ask* for almost anything. But the asking is not the right half of faith. It's not the half that brings the results. *That* half—which brings the results, is the half which, after the asking, *does the taking*.



## "SPOOFING" CONAN DOYLE

On April 5th the A. P. released a story which, if true, very effectively puts the skids under spiritualism. Here is the story. We clipped it from the Spokesman-Review of Spokane, Wash.:

"New York, April 8.—Asserting 'people want to be fooled' and for 11 years he had done just that, Nino Pecararo, 'mystic,' whom the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle admitted won him over to spiritualism, tonight declared his seances were 'all a fake.'

"'I've never seen a ghost and don't believe anyone else ever has,' he said.

"In a demonstration he allowed himself to be securely bound, then freed himself and wrote two messages. One was 'from Doyle' and the other 'from Houdini.' The handwriting compared favorably with authentic originals of the famous men.

"The demonstration was given in the apartment of Joseph Dunninger, chairman of a committee named by a scientific magazine to expose fake spiritualists.

"'Conan Doyle had implicit faith in Pecararo and wrote that spiritualism rises or falls by him,' Dunninger said.

"Pecararo refused to divulge to newspaper men at his 'seance' tonight just how he performed the feats which have made him generally accepted as one of the best mediums in the world. All his magic he performed behind a curtain with only his hands appearing at intervals as he perpetrated a new feat.

"'Eleven years ago when I told people I was a spiritualist, they didn't believe me,' Nino said. 'Now I'm trying to convince them I'm not and they won't believe me.'

"'In my appearances I have been paid but little. For the last two years I've been giving free seances to convince scientists that I really could get messages from the dead and could produce ghosts. For this I haven't received a cent.

"'I'm tired of the whole thing and want to quit. I've never been a mystic and nobody else has. Trickery and science can do anything I've done.'

In the July issue of this magazine appeared an article from our pen in which we stated that while there might be such a thing as "mediums" and "spirit communica-

tion," we had seen no evidence to date acceptable to us, and so we did not accept the theory.

This news-clipping is a hard pill for the spiritualists to swallow, for their admitted leader and mainstay was Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. With William T. Stead he comprised all there was to spiritualism. No one will question the absolute honesty of Conan Doyle. Neither will anyone question his earnestness. And the same thing applies to Stead. But here we find the "medium" that, as Doyle admits, first won him over to spiritualism, admitting that he is a fake and stating that he never had any communication with any spirits at all.

We don't think so much of a man who, even though he can, will fool a man such as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was. Nor do we think so much of Sir Arthur for allowing himself to be fooled. But this expose if it does anything at all leaves spiritualism with no leg to stand on, for you will notice that Doyle said that spiritualism either stood or fell by this man Pecararo who, according to the A. P., says that he is a fake and says that he fooled Sir Arthur from start to finish.

There are quite a few thousand people who actually believe that spirit communication is an established fact. There are some good promoters in the spiritualistic field. But it is our contention that spirit communication has never been an established fact. After watching these so-called "seances" for years, and after keeping in close touch with psychical research, we feel that we must brand such "mediums" as being in the same class with the brother who fooled Doyle. Last week we received a letter from a man who is out on the lecture platform, and this fellow advised us that he knew of people who were 793 years old now, and who had come back to earth from the "spirit-world" and were now occupying their tenth body. Maybe so, brother—maybe so. But this magazine doesn't believe it. We would like to—but until the evidence is produced we are afraid that we shall have to stand on the side-lines and watch until some acceptable evidence is forthcoming.



The trouble with so many people who embrace spiritualism lies in the fact that they are not willing to believe in the actuality of God here and now. They fall for everything coming along, and think themselves to be so far ahead of anyone else along these lines. We have stated before and we state again that it is our belief that between the living and the dead there is a great gulf fixed. It may be so great that we shall never pass it. Then again it may not be. But all evidence to date on the spiritualistic order is against any such thing as spirit communication and reincarnation too for that matter.

We do not believe that Mr. Valentino transmitted messages through Mr. Wehman, a medium, from the spirit world. Yet the Hearst newspapers carried front page publicity and ran several feature articles on this supposed "spirit-message-transference." That might have been done for publicity purposes, however. Our advice to those seeking "messages" from "mediums" is to go on about their business and if they have a few dollars to spare for a "medium," let them send it to us for a year's subscription to this magazine. We have an idea that they will receive far more for their money than they will through any "medium."

## KILLING THE BIBLE

Our press-clipping bureau provides me with many interesting clippings covering the religious world and the world of psychology. One of the most interesting, significant, and far-reaching clippings I have ever seen came to me yesterday. It was in the form of an Associated Press dispatch to the newspapers, and is dated November 24, 1931. It is headed "*Kill Bible—Required.*" It is reproduced here by me, and the remarkable significance of the statement will be seen by all at a glance:

"Oxford, England, Nov. 24, 1931.—The centuries-old examination in holy scriptures, hitherto required to obtain an Oxford degree, has been abolished by the university, it was announced today.

"The examination was abolished on the grounds that it was *antiquated, and hindered the general studies of the undergraduates.*"

Very seldom does such news break into print, and when it does, it gets about one inch, when, as a matter of fact, it should be broadcasted from every radio station in existence, and should be heralded to the world in three-inch type across the front of the paper. For what that announcement really means is that one of the oldest universities, and one of the highest-rating in existence, goes on official record as stating that a study of the holy scriptures is antiquated and hinders the general studies of the students. And that's some statement that emanates from

Oxford University. It goes to show that what we contend is absolutely a fact. Ever since the first issue of this magazine came from the press, I have consistently claimed the bible to not be the "divinely inspired word of God," and furthermore, I have consistently claimed it to be a very erroneous and forged document, the study of which cannot do anyone any good.

There is only one character in that book that interests me, and you know which character that is. And here we have the very university, which, with such academic persistence as it possesses, has always stood for the same holy scriptures and has demanded for hundreds of years that an examination in them must be part of a matriculating program—or no degree. Now—it says it doesn't want any more of it. More than that, by that one statement, it casts aside its belief in the integrity of the bible book. It says that a study of it hinders its students. It says it is antiquated. And rightly so. But consider the poor students who for so long have had to take an examination in these same scriptures, before they were allowed to graduate. I made the statement in a recent issue of this magazine, that what was taught in college today, was very apt to be discarded tomorrow. This Oxford release proves me to be right.

It does not make me feel too bad though to have the world's leading English university come out flatfooted and make the same statement I have been making ever



since beginning to edit this magazine. It proves me to be correct, and while there are those of academic persuasion who would like to question my ability and other qualifications, these must all be silenced in the face of this statement from Oxford university. This means that the bible is dead in the British Empire. It means that it has no further authority. That's mighty significant. Scarcely a week passes that I do not receive a letter from some student in England, asking me why I do not come over there and give that country the truths of God and help get rid of the old pagan doctrines and the old pagan book Oxford has just discredited.

In the first place my work lies in this country. I have too much for one man to do here, so England will have to wait until the time comes in which we can go over there and preach the existence of a Living God, operating here and now, and not a dead combination of god and a man, who died 2,000 years ago and has never been heard from since. This discrediting of the bible book as a "divine revelation," however, is very highly significant, and, coming from this source, it certainly bears out whatever I have said against pagan superstition. This should silence a good many of my "orthodox" critics and enemies—and I have lots of them—don't think I haven't.

Another clipping, however, came to me in the same mail, and it also has a direct bearing on the same subject, so I shall introduce that one here also. This is right here in America, and should interest us more than the other one does. Here it is:

"A great educator recently made an investigation of the religious beliefs of the graduates of three great northern colleges. Here are some of the results of his investigation:

1. Only 53% had any respect for any part of the bible as authority.
2. Only 52% believed that God created the world.
3. Only 26% believed that Jesus walked on the water.
4. Only 19% believed that Joshua made the sun stand still.
5. Only 18% believed that we should cling to the faith of our fathers.
6. Only 7% believed that the old-fashioned religion was good enough for them."

This article is released by the president

of Abilene Christian College in an appeal for funds with which to continue the work of that institution. This is what he says:

"Abilene Christian College is facing an emergency which makes it necessary to call together the friends of the institution. This meeting has been set for 1 o'clock, Tuesday, November 24th. The college has never had a better student body, and has never had a finer year. The trustees, faculty and student body are working together with the harmony that has always been characteristic of the school. Our difficulties are financial. The plan which we have for consideration will not be burdensome to anyone. We believe that it will meet the approval of every friend of the college. We want friends of the school to remember the call that has been sent out to them and to be present at the meeting. It is not the custom of either the president or trustees of Abilene Christian College to issue such calls as this. We would not do so now if it were not a case of emergency. We earnestly hope that every friend of the school will come prepared to help solve the problem. On this page are a few of the many reasons that make it worth while for you to come and advise with us concerning the future of Abilene Christian College."

From every part of the country comes the same story. We hear the wail of despair from every bible-teaching institution in existence. And there's a reason. There must be a reason—where there's smoke—there's always fire. And the heads of these bible-teaching institutions should know what the trouble is. They should be able to diagnose the disease—but as ever, they cannot do it. Not many weeks ago, an instructor in a school of religious education in Idaho had dinner next to me at a certain Chamber of Commerce luncheon. He was new in this particular city, and was introduced to me by a mutual friend. On acknowledging the introduction, this educator said "So you are Dr. Robinson—I've heard a lot about you, and certainly am happy to meet you." I couldn't resist taking a gentle rub at him in a friendly way, and I said to him: "It's not so good for you to be eating dinner in the next chair to such an atheist as I am—is it?"



This fellow is a wonderful scout, however, and he replied: "Say—if you're an atheist we are going to be good friends," and he shook hands with me again. The conversation eased along during dinner, and this brother, who has enough degrees after his name to hang an ox, finally said that we at least knew our "stuff" where the bible and the christian religion was concerned. We discussed the four gospels, and I asked this fine fellow if it were not a fact that these four gospels were forgeries in that they had titles to which they had no right. His reply was very diplomatic. This is what he said: "Well—I should hardly say that they were forgeries—I would say that the authorship of them was unknown." I did not prolong the argument as I considered that statement an admission that my statement of forgery was absolutely correct. If the authorship is unknown, then why are the bible schools foisting them off onto us as being written by Matt., Mk., Lk., and Jn.

A little later in the afternoon, when the meeting was breaking up, this brother, in leaving me, put his arm around my shoulders, and said: "I want to get to know you—you're certainly all right. In fact—I am *doing the very same thing you are doing, only I am doing it from the inside of the structure itself, whereas you are out on the firing-line dealing with the public and putting the truths into their hands. I am teaching to students coming from fourteen or fifteen different denominations, and I can't afford to tread on anyone's toes. You are in a position where you can write whatever you please, and it is eagerly read.*" This statement is highly significant. This brother is teaching in an institution connected with a certain university, and is drawing so much a month for telling in a diplomatic manner, to "christians" that their story is not correct. I am out telling the world that it is not correct—so where is the difference? You see, friend, this thing called "doubt" is eating at the very heart of the whole religious structure in this country. In fact, the Protestant religion knows it's been going off at a tangent, and *is willing to diplomatically admit it.* Never before would you ever get any religious instructor to tell you that the authorship of the gospels was in doubt. They knew it full well, but would take good care that you did not know it. What a change however, now.

I am glad to know that this statement is abroad. It's good honest doubt. And good honest doubt never hurt anyone. Had I not doubted the "christian" story, "PSYCHIANA" would not be in existence now. Honest doubt is the stairway to honest and true knowledge, and it is always the doubter that finds the truth. There are peanut-brained individuals, incapable of thinking for themselves, who would like to throw cold water on everything we do. They go to church every Sunday, bible under their arm, and they are not qualified either by education nor by thinking capacity, to even think for themselves. If the priest or preacher says this is so—well—that settles it—it's so.

It might be false as hell itself is false, but that wouldn't make any difference to many old codgers I know. That type, however, will never get at the truth. They will never be leaders. They are born sheep—all they know is the game of "follow-the-leader." But they sure know that well. They are too good a "christian" to ever entertain doubt of a story, for to entertain doubt would be to make them think—and that's something they cannot do. All they can do is to get mad when they see this teaching of mine going all around the world, and they wonder why. I may not use the most diplomatic of language. I may not cater to public opinion, for I don't care a rap for public opinion, no matter where it is. I may use plain speaking many times, and I know I do. But I know how to think—and if needs be I know how to doubt—and I also know how to investigate a story and find out whether it is true or not. And were these good old "orthodox christians" constituted as I am, there would be no "blind leading the blind into a ditch" at all. There would be a good deal more doubting done, and there would be a good deal more thinking done too. And the doubter and thinker will always get at the truth. Not the sheep.

All that is necessary is that a man be honest in his doubts and convictions. I don't care a rap whether a man is right or wrong, if he is open to be shown, and if he is honest in what he is preaching. And no one can charge me with being dishonest in my writings. There are some local talent of course, who, envying the success which has attended my efforts, make the charge that I am only after the money. They can't make it themselves, and neither can they put their finger



on a dirty spot in my life, so they make the only charge they can make—and that is that I do not mean what I say, and only write it to make money. Well there are a good deal of ways of making money far easier than I make it. And if these old "has-beens" knew the hours of work, and if they knew the strain of writing as much as I write every month, even that one charge they make would have to be withdrawn. But a man in my line must be awfully thick-skinned. He cannot care too much what people say or think. If he does he will weaken, and a weakling is no man to be a leader.

Only today, a good friend of mine, a minister in Moscow, said to me while discussing a certain thing, "you are not so blind but what you know that what you write is causing a lot of opposition." Of course I know it. If it didn't cause opposition it wouldn't be worth writing—along religious lines. But the opposition worries me not one particle. As far as local opposition goes—well—I get many a good laugh out of it every week. It's not active of course, but there still are left a few old "sheep" who cannot think themselves, and so, class everyone who can think a little ahead of the crowd, an atheist, if he differs in religious views from the "sheep." So that does not worry us at all. Those who really know us—and they are very few—know the motive behind our labors, and they are with us to a T. I must trot along, however, with this article if I am to finish it. At this point I shall give you another clipping which came to me from Bill Pelley's magazine, the "*Liberator*." (In response to many requests I can say that an article is due to appear in this magazine shortly dealing with Pelley's work.)

This article is a howl on the part of Brother William Dudley Pelley, against what he calls the "atheism" in the world today. He makes several statements, all of which are true. I give them to you now:

"Do you as a Christ-person realize that matters have reached such a state of anti-Christ intimidation in this nation that no state document dare recognize or acknowledge The Christ?"

Do you know that no President of the United States has yet dared to take his inaugural oath on the open pages of the New Testament?

Do you know that General Pershing announced that he considered the morale of the American soldier due to the interest of the Christian men and women at home—and *that he was forced to cut out the word 'Christian'?*

Do you know that no governor dare issue a Thanksgiving proclamation with the word 'Christ' or 'Christian' in it?

Do you know that the word 'Christian' was eliminated from the Officers' Training Manual at Pittsburgh?

Do you know that the word 'Christian' is taboo in every schoolbook in America?

Do you know that in many districts the words 'Easter' and 'Christmas' are taboo?

Do you know that in 1911 Assemblyman Heyman (New York) introduced a bill making it an offense, punishable by fine and imprisonment, *to entice a minor under sixteen into a religious mission?*

Do you know that William Jennings Bryan always insisted on recognizing Christ and that this, more than any other single factor, was responsible for making his election impossible?

Do you know that Woodrow Wilson in 1914, speaking at the American University, mentioned the word 'Christ' and *had to write an apology for doing so?*

Do you know that time and time again it has been postulated that the United States cannot be made a Christian nation without abolishing the Constitution?

Do you know that printed matter is being admitted to the United States mails containing such phrases as 'Washed in the blood of the Lamb? What a wash-out!' 'Illegitimate Jesus,' 'Judas was a pretty decent sort of a fellow; it was only after he became converted to Christianity that he did that which made his memory an accused thing'; 'Christ Himself was a nameless child, let us get away from nameless children!'"

Just what Bill Pelley with his "League of Liberators" is trying to do, I do not know, for I can't make head nor tail of his writings. I am probably dense—or something—but it's all haze to me. We will go into that, however, in another article. The state-



ments reproduced above are true, and they should be known by every right-thinking American.

Probably you did not know that these facts related in Pelley's magazine were true—but they are. And so I say, couple up the Oxford University degree, with the rest of the things I have written here, and you will admit that there certainly is trouble somewhere along the line of "orthodox theology." Yes—there's lots of trouble, and as far as being a power in this land goes, it never was a power. And it's more powerless now than it ever was. *Why?*—you ask. Just simply because the whole story is not true—that's *why*.

Not a grain of truth is there in the whole story that the Mighty Intelligence that created this universe, the mighty *God-Law* ever made a decree that one-third of himself should come down to this earth in the form of a man, here to be crucified in order that you and I might be "saved." That story is *not true*. In other words—it's a lie, and in that it is a lie, is to be found the reason for the rapid disintegration of all systems of "supernaturally - revealed" religion. For none of them are true. The great truths of God, however, are beginning to be known, and as the slow evolutionary process continues, we shall know fully who and what God is. But we shall never know it through the teachings of the Christian religion, for, let me repeat, that religion is *not true*. Nor can any proof of its truth be adduced. It isn't to be had. And the church knows it.

"But Dr. Robinson—isn't it a terrible thing to be left without a god?"—did I hear some of you say? Bless your hearts, brethren—you're not left without a God, if you must have one. All you are left without is

a pagan superstition which has been masquerading itself off as god—that's all you have been robbed of. Do you think for one moment that I would lift my pen against the christian religion if I believed it to be true, even though I personally could not believe it? Not on your tin-type. It is only after a very exhaustive and thorough lifetime study that I must pronounce it untrue. I do not say that there are no merits in it, because there is so much of truth in every system of religion no matter what it may be. And wherever you find truth—you find true religion—and you find God. And inasfar as the Christian religion contains truth, then it contains God. But those of you who know, know that there is mighty little proven truth in it—if any. There are beautiful sayings in the bible, of course. There are many beautiful Psalms—Psalms that I read every week or so. I love them. In fact I love everything true—and if I were convinced that the Christian religion were true I would love it. But you see—I know better. And evidently Oxford University knows better also. And evidently a good many more schools know better.

But cheer up, brother priest or brother minister—in God's eternal justice, right and truth will prevail, and ere long the overshadowing knowledge of the Living Spirit of Life, the Spirit of God, will be known to you, and, using your own bible here for a quotation, the "glory of the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea." Until that time comes, shall you and I live our own lives—in tune with the Infinite? Shall we cast off all pagan superstition, and just rest completely sheltered in the knowledge and power of the Living God? We of "PSYCHIANA" do. Will you?

## Read the Important Announcement on Pages 16 and 17

*Not every day does such an announcement appear.*



## "DON'T QUIT"

Anonymous

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,  
When the road you're trudging seems all up hill,  
When the funds are low and the debts are high,  
And you want to smile but you have to sigh,  
When care is pressing you down a bit,  
Rest if you must, but don't you quit.

Life is queer with its twists and turns,  
As every one of us sometimes learns,  
And many a failure turns about,  
When he might have won had he stuck it out;  
Don't give up, though the pace seems slow—  
You may succeed with another blow.

Often the goal is nearer than  
It seems to a faint and faltering man.  
Often the struggler has given up  
When he might have captured the victor's cup.  
And he learned too late, when the night slipped down,  
How close he was to the golden crown.

Success is failure turned inside out—  
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt.  
And you never can tell how close you are;  
It may be near when it seems afar;  
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit—  
It's when things seem worst that you mustn't quit.

Reprinted from Mr. William Dudley Pelley's Magazine "*The Liberator*."



# Opportunities Like This)

## READ IT CAREFULL

One year ago last April I released "PSYCHIANA" to the world. With very little money, I put this teaching out on its own merits. The results are quite well known and the success of it is also quite well known. Inside of one year, we had requests for information from 67 different countries, and today we have students practically all over the world.

I formed a close corporation among a few friends who gave me a few hundred dollars each to start with, and capitalized this corporation at \$10,000 consisting of ten thousand shares of Common stock at \$1.00. I hold the controlling stock in this corporation, which was recently increased to 20,000 shares instead of ten thousand. Seeing the possibilities, I looked ahead far enough to also have authorized 1,000 shares of No Par Stock, to be sold at \$100.00 a share.

In the beginning, I worked all day in a drug store, and attended to the mail at night. Now—it takes ten people to handle the mail, and even with the fastest known printing and type-setting machinery, we are at this writing several days behind. The success of the teaching has surprised me quite a little bit, and it is hard to say just how big we shall get. People want our truths. They are glad to buy them, for they are proving that the revelation of God I am giving to the world, is a true revelation. So I say it would not in the least surprise me to see this teaching one of the largest and most successful in existence. I expect that to happen.

Our success financially has been such that we have been enabled to pay the few men who helped me on the start, dividends amounting to 40% in the first two years. At the present time I deem it advisable to greatly re-inforce our advertising appropriation, and I had this in mind when I caused to be provided for, these 1,000 No Par Shares to sell at \$100 each. None of these shares have been issued yet, and this is the first letter about them that I have written anyone.

These No Par Shares carry a preference of 6% per annum, and this must be paid before any dividends on the common stock can be paid. In addition to this, these no par shares must receive 40% of the amount paid in dividends to the holders of the common shares. Had these no par shares been issued on the start, those holding them would have received 6% plus 40% of the 20% we have paid a year, which would have been 8%, and this would have made their yearly dividend 14%



## o Not Come Every Day AND ACT QUICKLY

each year for the two years. This is a very high rate of interest, and can only be paid by a very successful business. I do not believe the time will ever come when we shall pay less than 20% per annum to the holders of the common shares.

The probability is that we shall pay far more than that. If we do, the no par will of course receive in addition to the 6%, an additional dividend yearly of 40% of whatever dividends are paid to the common shares. I am about to release all of these 1,000 no par shares, and I deem it my duty first to offer them to my students, and friends. After that I shall make arrangements to dispose of them through other channels, if my students do not take the entire amount. At the present time, advertising is the basis of this business, and it will be so for the next few years perhaps. After that I look for the teaching to be well enough known that advertising will not be necessary.

I have proven, however, that no matter where I place my large page announcement, it invariably draws people and they enroll with us. And in less than two years' time, we are quite a large concern, and the prospects are bright for us to be much larger. This month, I have placed the largest amount of advertising I have ever placed, and the March circulation will run over 6,000,000. This is a lot of advertising, but I consider it good business now to increase that amount many times, so am letting these no par shares go.

If you would like to be associated with me in a business way, you may do so through these no par shares. They sell for \$100.00 each, and if you wish to purchase any of them, on receipt of your check for the amount of whatever number you want, I will see that they are sent to you as long as they last.

I only have 1,000 of them to let go, and as soon as some of the wealthier of my students hear of this offer it is quite likely that they will want them all. But in the order received I will fill the applications for them until they are all gone. We will hold these shares on telegraphic advice to give you an opportunity to mail check. I think prompt action may be advisable though.

Cordially Your friend,

FRANK B. ROBINSON.



## A SUICIDE

A few days ago, the Associated Press carried dispatches in certain parts of the country of the suicide of a business man. He drove his car out onto a lonely country road, and there, taking his pistol, he blew the top of his head off. That man was a student of mine, or rather, he was not a student, but one of his relatives had experienced a rather remarkable instance of healing through the power we teach—the God-Law. Just a few days before this man's suicide, we received a telegram from him stating that his business was in a terrible condition, and asking us to use the power of God for the rejuvenation of that business. We replied by letter, telling this man what we would do if we were in his place. The letter had hardly had time to reach him before we received a long distance telephone call, from the other side of the country almost. He begged me to do something for his business.

I enquired of him the sort of business he was in, and, when informed, I told the man that the result of bad business judgment or wrong management of months or years, could not instantly be eradicated overnight. I suggested a certain plan of action for him. Shortly after this, I received another long distance call, in which this man informed me that if business conditions did not get better at once, he was going to blow his brains out. I remonstrated with him to the best of my ability, but evidently to no effect, for a few days later I saw by the papers where he had done that very thing he had threatened to do. He had blown his brains out.

It's rather remarkable the number of people that contact me after having fully decided to commit suicide. I had a postmaster in the south, who wrote me telling me that if certain things did not happen at once, he was going to blow his head off. This man asked me for advice, and my advice, in this particular case, was not to use the Federal building for that purpose, but to go somewhere where there would be no mess to clean up. I was guided aright in that case, for the man saw his foolishness, took my Lessons, and today is a happy man. This last case was somewhat different, however, for I sensed that the man meant business. I question that state of the man's

mind though, when, on account of business depression, etc., he would want to blow his brains out.

I can't understand that. This business of mine will never blow up. But if something were to happen whereby the bottom was cut out of everything, I don't think suicide would ever enter my head. In fact what I should do would be to immediately start looking for another opportunity, and that with the least possible hesitancy. For what is business anyway—it's nothing but a means to a livelihood. It's nothing more than that. There are of course some men who have idolized money. A dollar means more to them than life almost. Those kind of men are not normal. They do not know what life is. Not so long ago a man by the name of Berry wrote to me, asking why it was that he lost money on the wheat market and the stock exchange. And there's a very good reason why as I told this man. He is just simply trying to get something for nothing. He is trying to make money through the rise or fall of the market, and if he makes money someone else loses it. Therefore he has to take his chances. And in playing the market he is playing the other fellow's game. And sooner or later he will lose. The cards don't lie any other way. He has to lose, for no one can be permanently successful, making money at the expense of someone else. The God-Law will prevent that.

But as far as suicide goes, I don't understand it at all. And why so many people should write to me when they are contemplating suicide is something beyond my capability of perception. Perhaps they think I am possessed of some miraculous divine power which can work miracles. Perhaps they think I have some special dispensation from God, which will enable me to do more than it will enable anyone else to do. Such I assure you is not the case, for I am something like the evangelist some years ago, Moody I think it was. There staggered into his revival campaign, a drunken man. The good "christian" ushered naturally attempted to get the man from the hall as quickly as possible, and they were none too easy in their treatment of him. Moody, or whoever the evangelist was, refrained them, saying, there



is Dwight L. Moody, but for the Grace of God. And to those who would look to me for something above the natural I would say, look to God and not to me, for, were it not for the grace and the power of the God-Law, I would not be writing this to you today, I promise you. A more badly bent and near broken reed never lived than I was until I put the God-Law to the test. Naturally, I found it all-sufficient, and from that day to this my life has been crowned with abundant success. But this happens in the case of any man or woman who will do as I did. And while I am very anxious to be of service to my fellow men and women, I still must maintain that there is no power inherent in me which may not also be inherent in my fellowmen.

Why was it, do you think, that there was such a remarkable transformation worked in my life when I decided to trust God? There is only one reason there can be, and that reason is because *God is true*. The God-Law is real. The God-Law is active—it is potent—it is dynamic in every part. Therefore, when man or woman begins to understand that Law, things begin to happen. This man was in the automobile finance and used car business before he committed suicide. He had loaned too much money on cars. He had to make too many repossessions. And he was broke. The creditors were at the door. Things looked black sure enough. Had I been placed in that man's shoes though, I hazard the opinion that the end would have been different. In the first place I should never have let the business get to that stage. But if through some unforeseen circumstance, such a condition had arisen, instead of blowing my brains out, I should have gone to the creditors and said: "Gentlemen—I did not make it—you are welcome to whatever I have

here. I'm going to *begin again*." And believe me it wouldn't have been long until I had another business of some sort started. This man left a family. A wife and children. And he thought that by blowing his brains out he was making it better for all concerned. But as a matter of fact he was making it harder. The only one who benefitted by that suicide was the man himself.

I don't believe there are any of my thousands of students contemplating suicide. They know better than that. But if this article should strike the eye of some man or woman who has had that terrible thing in mind, then I want to say to them, if they are of normal mentality—forget it. What's a dollar? What a business to worry about—especially if on the rocks? What is there in life that's worth the price of a suicide? I have heard it many times said that it takes a brave man to commit suicide. No it doesn't. It takes a rank coward. And no one but a coward or someone mentally unbalanced would ever even think of such a step. As far as the "beyond" goes, I am not so much interested in that, so shall not speak of it here. But I am interested in the "here and now" and I know that neither ill-health nor business losses should ever be great enough to cause anyone to kill themselves. If they know God they won't do it. If they try to beat the God-Law though, and go in contrary opposition to it, they are apt to try suicide in certain cases. But it's a fool's game. It's a coward's out. No real man in his right mentality will ever attempt it.

There is a far better way. That way is to know the power of God—to feel the mighty presence of the God-Law operating through the individual life. It's love—it's life—it's peace—it's success—it's the only heaven there ever will be.

Tell Your Friends of the *Opportunity* on  
Pages 16 and 17

*They will probably appreciate it.*



## DEPRESSION

I suppose, to be quite up to style, I should have something to say about the "depression." Strange as it may seem, however, there is no depression around this office. For the third time since we gave our teaching to the world less than two years ago, we have had to get new quarters or enlarge the ones we had. At the present time the carpenters are busy putting more shelf and filing space in every inch of space they can find. This week we engaged more office help, and, strange as it may seem, the volume of business we are doing today is over *three times what we were doing one month ago*. And every night for the past week, in addition to running with an added crew of helpers, we were forced to work every night, and still are doing that. Sunday too—we worked harder last Sunday than we did through the week, and still are not caught up with our mail, being about two weeks behind.

We have very consistently tried to find some way to get our teaching to the most people at the least cost. I have tried to make it as easy as possible for everyone to take our Lessons. A few weeks ago I made a small change in the method of putting these Lessons out, and the response was absolutely astounding. Three times as many students enrolling as have ever enrolled before. And we are mighty happy over this. Then we had another experience which was sort of unusual, and I won't mention it here though, as I am giving considerable space to it in another part of a forthcoming magazine.

"Billy" Sunday, who, at this writing, is conducting a revival campaign in Canton, Ohio, undertook to take me to task for denying the line of chatter he is selling at a good price to those foolish enough to buy it. So "Billy" wrote me a hot letter—and got burned himself for writing it. For Brother "Billy" discovered that he tackled the wrong man to get into an argument with. In other words, I called his bluff and called it good and plenty. And William took his hole. I don't like scraps—but just the same I never run away from one, and in this work of mine, those teaching pagan superstition in the name of God better be prepared to defend their position when they

start an argument with me. Not that I am smarter than anyone else, but I do know my "stuff," as the saying is. And more than that, I know something of the Power I am teaching. I will give you all the letters and telegrams, etc., at an early date, and you can read the interesting story for yourself. Not many priests or preachers go to the bat with me. Once in a while we find a publicity seeker who wants to get a little free advertising or publicity at my expense, but usually I'm on to that sort. With Sunday, however, it was quite different, for "Billy" is, or was, a "big shot" among the orthodox religionists. However—more of that later.

Now as far as the national "depression" goes, there is no question but what we have been coming through, and are still in, a strenuous time. But the one knowing the power of the Life Spirit knows just how to handle such times. It is this thing called *fear* that holds most of us back—we will not trust—we will not join hands with God and say, "let's go—just you and I." If we would do that, what a difference it would make. Ways and means would open as if by magic, for our whole life would be "in tune with the Infinite," and there is no stopping a man or woman who knows the uses of the power of God. A well-known lawyer said to me recently, "You certainly have gone further, and faster, than any man I have ever seen—how do you do it? Nothing ever seems to phase you, you just simply take the bull by the horns and do whatever you want to do. Please tell me how you do it?"

My reply to that man was in effect that my whole life was linked with the power of the controlling and impelling Life Spirit behind the universe. I pointed out to him that when a man was in the grip of the Living God, that man went places and did things. That is the explanation. It's not me—it's God—working through me. And there is no depression where God is—do you see that? For the mighty Power responsible for this created scheme of things is a *law*. It's a *God-Law* if you please. And you and I may use that God-Law for whatsoever we need in life. And most of us need lots of things. Of the thousands of letters I have received asking for advice, I think perhaps I can put the answer to most of them in a



few words, and here are the words, *Get rid of fear*. Get rid of every unnatural superstition you have ever been taught, and get hold of God, who is the mighty Maker and Sustainer of this world, and who is the Originator of all *Life*.

In business, if things go wrong, put your back up against the wall, and, casting all fear from the life and from the business, just say, *the God-Law working through me*

*will master this situation—it will master this business depression*. Then, *go out and do the things needed for your business success*. Both business success and business depression are man-made. They are the result of using or not using the God-Law of the universe. Have faith in God. Not in any "judgment-day god" but in this mighty creative principle *now*. There will then be no more depression in your life.

## MINUS GOD

We receive hundreds of letters similar to the following, so we publish this one and comment a little on it. When one is placed in a position to observe the national religious reaction, and when one studies carefully this field from every angle, one forms interesting conclusions, which could not possibly be formed by one not in a position to get the reaction nationally. A picture is presented which to the "man on the street" might seem an untrue picture. Some of the statements we make perhaps seem to some people of the church to be farfetched or exaggerated. But I assure them such is not the case. The editor of this magazine is very careful not to give out a wrong impression, and under all his activities there ever runs the intense desire to rightfully discern the times, and see if some substantial remedy in religious lines cannot be given. We are doing this in "PSYCHIANA," for our Lessons teach no god in the sky, but a very potent God here. This God may be found and contacted whenever and wherever one is willing to fall in line with this God, or this God-Law, for that is essentially what it is. A spiritual Law, which Law is mighty potent to help men and women to the very best things in life. In fact, it is the part of the Law that one cannot desire or need anything from the spiritual or physical realm without getting it—if the Law is complied with. However, let's get to this letter. Here it is:

"Dr. Frank B. Robinson,  
Moscow, Idaho.

Dear Sir:—

I noticed your advertisement and I want to know something more of "PSYCHIANA." I have been for a number of years a "singing evangelist." I believe in Jesus Christ and the Bible. I have been seeking the *real truth* all my life. (You

will note here that this brother says that he believes in Jesus Christ and the Bible, but has he been seeking the *real truth* all of his life. Evidently his belief in Jesus Christ and the Bible did not reveal the *real truth* to him.) But there is something lacking. There is a new religion needed, the world needs today a new Reformation or there will come revolution. There must be a stupendous spiritual upheaval or the world will be lost for Christ. He would come today but the church is not ready for Him, there is something they need they have not yet received, viz: more of the Holy Ghost, in other words an entirely new religion.

Your new system may be what is needed for we want another Moses to lead us out of the wilderness of sin and unbelief. (If this brother will get a copy of this magazine for November, 1931, he will find an article entitled "Wanted—Another Moses" and it might pay him to read that article.) I stand ready to preach a new religion, even if unpopular. I am a member of the Christian Disciple church. I am a direct descendant of the great Zwingli, the Swiss reformer, so reformation was in my blood. I will be glad to look your new religion over and if it meets the long-felt want, I will adopt it and begin preaching it, as it may reach numbers that you do not reach now, which accounts for the many empty pews in the churches. Some time ago a census taker in the city of Washington, D. C., found that 7,000 went to church and 50,000 went to the theatres.

Yours truly,

J. A. S.....  
Norfolk, Va."

Now in commenting on this brother's letter I want to just briefly point out a few things and if the good brother sees this article he may be helped. I try so hard to bring men and women to a realization of the fact that any system of theology teaching the incarnation of the power behind this universe in a man (to the exclusion of other men), must of necessity be a very false and superstitious system of theology. To one standing inside any church structure, and viewing the world and creation from the



inside of that structure, this statement of course will seem untrue and blasphemous to such a structure. But the statement is the truth just the same. The trouble is to bring people to see the larger viewpoint and the larger conception of the universe, its population, and its maker. If one holds the theory that a certain system of religion is the only true and "divinely revealed" religion, then of course we cannot and do not want to argue with such an one. But no clear thinking person can ever take such a stand—and yet it's astonishing how many people do hold just this. My arguments with "Billy" Sunday are all on this order. This good brother says that he believes in the "inspiration" of the Christian Bible, word for word. He believes that every man and woman who does not "believe in the Lord Jesus Christ" shall be eternally damned. In other words, every man and woman who does not believe in the system of religion that "Billy" Sunday preaches, is lost and eternally damned.

Maybe he really believes that—I think perhaps he does. At any rate he preaches it. But to me, such a stand is only pagan and heathen superstition. Certainly it had its origin in the lap of superstition and the dark ages, and certainly there can never be anything constructive to such a teaching as that. For in the first place the Creator of this universe is a "*Spiritual Law*" and not an anthropomorphic being of any sort. The very nature of the creation precludes such from being even a possibility. This brother, however, has accepted the Bible as the "word of God" and he is basing his whole life and future on what that fairy-story-book teaches. He has not taken the time to find out just what that book is. I have made the statement time and time again, and I repeat it here, that that book is a huge and gigantic pagan forgery, foisted on this country by the church, as the "divine word of God." And I know what I am talking about too.

This statement to a "church-member" or a "singing evangelist" will sound like the rankest heresy—but again I repeat that it is impossible to study in an unbiased manner, free from theological influence, that book, and not come to the same conclusion I have, and with me perhaps the greatest thinkers this world has. They are all of the same opinion. So this brother must first

see, before he can ever get even a faint glimpse of the *truth*, that all such superstition must be put away from the life and out of existence. It may seem impossible that right here in fair America, this entire church structure of every denomination is operating under false pretenses, but I assure you that such is a fact. Take the Catholic stand for instance; there we have an organization which conducts its services in Latin—no one can understand what they are talking about. It robes its agents in black night-shirts, and they peregrinate around the "house of god" with a cross in their hands, amongst candles, holy water, etc. Then we have a man in Rome who professes to be God's only Agent or Vice-Regent of this earth—the Pope of the whole world. Any thinking man knows that such practices are utterly asinine as far as finding God goes—for the Creative Law of this universe does not operate through any one human being nor through any one religious denomination. And no one capable of independent thinking can ever follow such a system of fraud as that is.

And the same thing applies to the Protestants too. In fact, it is next to impossible for anyone making a profession of "supernaturally-revealed" religion, to know anything at all about God—the real Creator of this universe. These differing systems of religion try to tell us that a few thousand years ago, their god did this and did that, and so on and so forth. As a matter of fact, however, this old globe and millions of other globes have been revolving in their orbits for billions of ages. From everlasting to everlasting is God. Away back to distances your mind cannot conceive—is God. And the only way God can be known is by a quiet thinking meditation on life itself, and on nature itself, and on the starry heavens, and on the "leadings" of this mighty Life Spirit we of "PSYCHIANA" teach. God is not to be found in "Lord's suppers" nor in baptismal services at all. Nor can he be found in any existing system of theology. Nor did He send any part of Himself down to the wife of a Syrian Jew, to manifest His "salvation" through a Jewish baby, born in violation of God's own law. I tell you such stuff is pagan heathenism and should be cast into the discard overnight. It will not go overnight, but it will go. For against such heresies and false doctrines there is shining a little bit, some of the real truths of God.



There are still a few men left yet who are able to do a little independent thinking, and who are not afraid to delve a little bit into the spiritual realm where God is. And these good fellows know very well what an insult to God the activities of the church really are. This brother who writes me states that if there is not another "reformation" there will be revolution. He is mistaken. For the truth of God will always win. It may be hidden for a time, as it has been, but it is coming to the top again and in the eternal time of fairness of the Creator, it will triumph once more. It has been triumphing, only its progress has been somewhat retarded by the pagan organizations operating as they tell us as "agents of god" and getting people's money to keep their parasites alive without working. Public opinion, however, and common sense, is on the job and it smiles up its sleeve at all these pagan systems of religion. Not every man will write against them as I do; most people just simply leave them strictly alone. Hence, as my correspondent states, the pews are empty. Of course they are, and they will be emptier still ere long.

If it would be possible to blot out over night, all memory of any system of "supernaturally-revealed" religion, it would leave this world without any pagan god who lives "up in the sky" and who has drawn up "dogmas for salvation or damnation." We should then have a world with not a sign of a pagan god in it. Not a church house operating. Not a preacher or a priest or a black arrayed "sister" to be seen anywhere. In other words, we should have a world with men—and *their Creator—God*. And it wouldn't take very long for men to take on a spiritual power then. I think I had perhaps better stop here, for I do not want to give too much along this line all at once. I want my students and readers to fully, and slowly, digest what I have given them. The truth of this article will appeal to you. The truth of God is in it, and so it will draw you. If it is possible for you tonight to get out alone, do so. Stay very still there under the stars or wherever you may be. Keep quiet—very quiet—and commune with God. Listen for the "still small voice." For that voice is the voice of your Maker and it will lead you aright. I have never made one move yet since I launched this work, which move has not been made under the direct leadings of the mighty Life Spirit—

God. Will you do that? Will you keep away from all "houses of god" and deal direct with God Himself.

Try talking to Him some evening when you are alone and out in the open. Perhaps you can get by the sea. Try pouring your whole soul out to Him, and stay at it until you have gotten off your chest and out of your system whatever is there that is annoying you. Then, when you realize His presence, *take Him with you from that moment on*. If you have membership in any organization which requires that you give so much money every month to its support, then get away from such associations. If you have been in the habit of going into a little "cubby-hole" and "confessing your sins" to some "agent of god," then inform these organizations if they come after you that you and your God are walking along life's highway together from now on. If you have any sins to confess, then get them off your chest and don't do any more things that worry you. For if you are doing something wrong, you will know it, and the remedy is very easy—just stop it. You don't need to "eat the flesh and drink the blood of the Lord Jesus" to "save your soul," and don't let anyone tell you that you do. If they should insist that it is of God, then ask them to produce the original writings from which the Bible was drawn. That will stop any preacher and priest in existence. For they cannot produce the slightest scintilla of evidence that such tales are more than fairy tales. And you may safely take it from me that they are no more than that.

Even if those things were good, they certainly are not necessary, so you do as I ask you to do—deal with God direct. For I assure you that if you will do this, the spiritual realm will open up to you like a rose, and you will then "know in whom you believe," and you will be abundantly persuaded that such an One is more able to lead you aright and keep you till such time as death is no more necessary, or at least until you are capable of grasping a little more of God.

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"Psychiana" Monthly  
A Different Magazine

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## THOMAS A. EDISON

One of the most dastardly things we have ever seen was called to our attention recently by our students all over the country. Clippings came to me by the score and letters accompanying them showed in no uncertain terms the hostility on the part of those sending this dirty news-clipping. It is safe to say that human nature is much the same the world over, and while perhaps not so much was openly said against this suicidal news article, a good many millions of patriotic Americans felt their red blood boil when they saw the article in the papers.

The Roman Catholic church has made a great many blunders in its existence. In fact it is founded on blunder and pagan superstition—but it never made quite as suicidal a mistake as it made when it allowed its spokesman, one Rt. Rev. Edmund F. Gibbons of New York, to release such a blasphemous statement as this one which appeared with a picture of this "holy nincompoop" over it. Let it be distinctly understood here that I hold no enmity at all against any individual member of the Catholic church. They don't know any better than to belong to such a pagan institution. But I feel that this article calls for some pretty plain speaking, and while I feel sorry for the individual members of the Catholic church, I feel a very kindly feeling towards them. I wish they all knew as much of this bacchanalian structure as I know—I don't believe there would be very many of them left following it one year from today.

There is no love for the teachings of the unholy outfit in my makeup at all, and the sooner Americans wake up to the cancer of Catholicism, trying to eat at the very vitals of our government, the sooner will it be laid where it belongs, and that is flat on its back where it can do no harm to anyone other than its own followers. If ever an insult to an American intelligence and American patriotism were flung in the faces of American people, this latest effulgence on the part of this "holy man of god" Gibbons was just that. This is what he said, as quoted in the papers. And every paper publishing such blasphemy, by the way, should be severely censored for doing so. The statement was made in an address at the College of St. Rose, in Albany, N. Y., and was

couched in the following words: "Thomas A. Edison was one of the greatest detriments to the world." The man making that statement against such a man as Thomas A. Edison, should have lots of things done to him. In the first place he should be shipped to Rome where this Roman Catholic church has its headquarters, and he should never be allowed to show his nose in this thinking civilized country again.

Then in addition to that, he should be made to depend upon his "holy candles" for every ray of light he ever sees after sundown. The use of the electric light should be positively denied to him. He should not be allowed to have a telephone in his home, nor should he be allowed to ever talk over one. Not a sweet strain of music should he ever be allowed to hear over the radio, and not one thing with which Edison had anything to do should he ever be allowed to have anything to do with. A detriment to the world?—Thos. A. Edison?—think that statement over, folks, and then form your own opinion of the man and the organization allowing such a statement to be broadcasted through the columns of an American daily press. Such a statement is an insult to every red-blooded American, and it's a good job your writer did not hear this "holy priest" make the statement. I might have lost my temper. But the statement was made, and it was published. And as a result of that statement, millions of people had their eyes opened to the real facts and beliefs of the man and the organization making the statement and allowing it to be released.

According to Bishop Gibbons' statment, Edison did not believe in God and died an atheist. Of course he died an atheist as far as the Roman Catholic God is concerned. for happily, Thos. Edison was blest with too many brains to even subscribe to the horrible pagan superstition given to its followers today by the Roman Catholic church, and all in the name of God. Edison knew full well that all and everything the Catholic church has is man made and man peddled. You couldn't tell Edison that the mighty Power, the mighty Intelligence at the back of this created universe, ever gave into the hands of the pope of Rome, all the



keys to the kingdom of God, and gave unto him the right to save or damn every living soul.

You can't tell that to a child today, much less Thomas Edison. Only those who have been raised in such darkness and heathenish superstition pay any attention to that sort of twaddle. Those of us who are capable of thinking for ourselves, can easily see through the heathen sham, and the marvel is to us that so many will still follow in the wake of pious religion-peddling priests, when it is a matter of authentic historical record, that the whole structure was raised in superstition and still decadently languishes in this same pagan and unholy superstition. You can't get the Catholic kiddies to believe very much of it any more. They know better. Their God-given brains tell them different—and while of course their parents force them to attend "mass," no sooner are they out of the door of the "mass-house" (sounds like joss-house doesn't it?) than they give the horse-laugh to both priest, candles, holy water, confession box and everything else connected with this cancerous outfit, which is responsible for having in its ranks a person who is ignorant enough to fling such an insult as the above right in the faces of millions of intelligent thinking Americans. We realize of course, that the man, born and raised in pagan superstition, is not accountable for what he is saying. No man in his sober right mind could be blind to the many blessings we now enjoy as a result of the life of Thomas Edison. Where the "Roman Catholic church" is concerned, however, this country means nothing—its scientists mean nothing the Constitution means nothing. The only thing that counts is the pope and his parasites, for parasites they truly are.

I will venture to say that were fear taken out of the Roman religion, it would not be able to hold itself together two years. Fear of God—fear of the pope—fear of the priests—fear of purgatory—fear of everything except what "the holy father" says. And—wonder of wonders—people still hang around and pay their good hard-earned dollars to the support of this foreign institution, and think they are doing something to save their own souls by doing so. To such an extent has this pagan institution got its followers buffaloed, or rather *has had* them buffaloed, that you let one of those "padres"

put on his black night-shirt, hang his beaded rope around his neck, haul out the "blessed sacrament," and hold in front of his nose his first two fingers, and at his bidding, *any one of his followers, be it man or woman, will, if needs be, prostrate him or herself at the feet of that holy faker.*

Agents of God. Indeed. About the only god the Roman Catholic church knows is the pope, and they are fast getting onto him. Not so long ago, I sat in the Davenport Hotel in Spokane, Washington, with a prominent preacher, a friend of mine. During the conversation, one of the most prominent Roman Catholic priests in the western country came up and spoke to my friend. I was introduced to this padre, but gave my friend the nudge not to tell him who I was, and I was introduced as Mr. Bruce (my second name). This old padre was a real honest-to-god fellow if I have ever seen one. Remembering the fact that he was born and raised under the sheltering wing of the Catholic church, I have seldom seen a broader or a finer man. I steered the conversation round into channels of religion, and the padre took me for a preacher. (If you want to make me mad just call me a preacher.) It didn't take me very long to warm up to the old fellow, and at the right moment, and professing a colossal ignorance of the Roman church, I said to him, "Well, Father —, do you actually believe that the pope of Rome is truly the vice-regent of God on this earth. Do you really believe that the keys of the kingdom of heaven have actually been given into his hands, together with supreme authority over the souls of men. In other words, Father, do you believe that the pope or any of his priests can affect one iota, the future welfare of a human soul?" Now listen to this honest reply—for it surely is honest and it is the opinion of probably 90% of all priests in this country. (I wish there were none here—it would be better for the country.) Looking me right in the eye, and with a wonderful smile on his face, in broken English this old padre of a phoney church said to me, "Meester Bruce—I believe de pope to be de head of the Roman Catholic church—and *that's all.*"

Significant— isn't it? Let us remember, however, that it's hard work for this outfit to abandon all at once the heresies and rotten dogmas in which it was born. And make



you no mistake reader, this Italian outfit should never have been allowed to ever get a foothold in this country. It's here, however—but *doomed*. For public opinion and public reason and common sense will put this outfit out of existence sooner or later—and *that is inevitable*. You see it all over the world. In Italy—in France—in Russia—in South America—in Mexico—in fact there isn't a Catholic country in existence today which is not shoving overboard this thing called the "Catholic religion." And this statement of this man Gibbons about Edison, will help to put it overboard right here in America. And the sooner the better. Superstition. Fear. Holy water. Candles. Dead bones. Bleeding hearts. Black robes. Crucifixes. Incense. Latin services—and this thing is foisted off on us today as an "agent of God." Ye gods—what must be either the mentality or the credulity or the ignorance of any man or woman who will allow either the pope or any of his parasites to dictate to them what they shall do and what they shall not do.

What a pity that every school girl and school boy can't know the history of this pagan outfit as I know it. *Fear*—nothing but *fear* is at the root of it, as it is at the root of *all* supernaturally-revealed religion. I don't have any use for any system of religion that tells me that someone, a long time ago, had a "supernatural revelation from God," on which "supernatural revelation" you and I are supposed to rest our soul's salvation. Not much. It's going to take some mighty authentic evidence to convince me of that story—and *such evidence does not exist and never has existed*. Ambassador of God?—the pope?—maybe—but certainly ambassador without portfolio. You pay me—come into the confession box with me—I'll fix your soul—I'll fix God—for I am his agent.

A letter came to me this morning from a student in Washington, D. C. It is very pertinent to this article, and I will quote from it. In fact I will quote it verbatim:

"My Dear Dr. Robinson:—

I am interested in your views and understanding of God. For some time I have been reading New Thought and Christian Science literature, but I do not get the results. I am looking for what I feel are my rights.

Some years ago, a priest told me 'the trouble with you is that you are seeking to be happy, which you have no right to. I am 76 years of age

*and in that time I have had perhaps one day of happiness—which I had no right to.'*

I told him to take his god and go. In a shocked way he exclaimed, 'my child, my child, you are a true child of the devil.' I guess I am still a child of the devil. (Probably the reason Edison was a detriment is because he would not fall for this Catholic bunk either.)

I just want to thank you.

Most sincerely yours,"

And there you have it in a nutshell. One day's happiness in a life of 76 years. Fear—cowed down by fear—insane—lying fear—and that's all the Roman Catholic church has to offer. Thank heaven those of "PSYCHIANA" know happiness, and they know it every day. And the reason they know it is because *they know God*. Not the old pagan who gave all the keys to both front and back doors of heaven into the hands of the pope of Rome—not that god, but the True Living Reality—the True Spirit of Life, and Health, and Peace.

A few more cracks like the padre from New York made, and there won't be any Catholic church in this country at all. Now, in contrast to what the "holy nincompoop" of the Roman church said about Edison, let's listen to what a one hundred percent American, Bob Quillen, said, in his syndicated column. And its vitality different I can tell you:

"BOB QUILLEN

*"He Was the Greatest Among Us, for He Was the Servant of All.*

*"He who would save his life shall lose it.*

*"It is easier to understand that truth if you will study the life and death of Edison.*

*"As Edison drew near the end of life, he drifted into the state of coma that so frequently makes the way easy for old people and those who have suffered long.*

*"It is a state more like death than life. All of the faculties have gone, leaving no sign of life except the faint pulsation of the heart. The body is like a mill at night, when executives and workmen have gone home, leaving only the watchman and the banked fires under the boilers. The heart is almost still. Death sits at the bedside, waiting.*

*"From that state Edison aroused for one brief moment and spoke aloud. It was as though his spirit, standing on the threshold of another world, had turned back to render one last service to mankind.*



*"The words he spoke will bring comfort to countless millions. He said: 'It is very beautiful over there.'*

*"If religion had been one of his chief interests, or if he had developed a firm belief in a blessed life after death, skeptics might say that his slowly-weakening mind drifted into accustomed channels and caused him to dream the thing he so firmly believed and hoped for.*

*"But he had no faith in eternal life. His scientist's mind, trained to accept conclusions only when experiment demonstrated their truth, neither believed nor disbelieved. He was resigned to endless death or endless life. Neither prospect caused him anxiety. He had done his best and was ready for what might come.*

*"And thus his very lack of conviction is evidence that something he saw as his spirit hovered between two worlds so surprised and astonished him that the shock of discovery aroused his waning faculties and brought him back for a moment to the world he was quitting.*

*"He saw a beautiful land awaiting him.*

*"He had not labored selfishly to win immortal life. He had not withdrawn from the world to save his soul. He had never been 'good' in hope of reward.*

*"He had served mankind as no other mortal man ever served it, and had found the privilege of service a sufficient reward.*

*"In losing his life he saved it. In serving man he served God, and death brought him assurance of continued life over there where it is very beautiful."*

(Copyright, 1931)

Edison did not believe the "church" dope—certainly not. It is a fact, however, that as far as Gibbons' religious pious pap goes, he certainly was an atheist. But it never had occurred to either Gibbons or the "holy pope" in Italy, that there might be another God in existence, which God operates quite differently from the one the Italian gentleman has. Amazingly different in fact. But to the Catholic, every other system of religion is wrong. They are all heretics. Wesley and Luther thought the same thing, in fact one of the gentlemen threw an ink-well at some "devils" which were running around on his desk one day. However—this fight for reason exposes some funny things about "supernaturally-revealed" religionists, and they set their doom. The moving finger of

time and reason has written the verdict. And the verdict is mighty unfavorable to the "holy fathers," I promise you that. I marvel somewhat, however, at the audacity of the release of this blasphemous statement about Edison. Of course, it served its purpose. It gave the Roman church the front page publicity it wanted. But—oh—what a negative effect it had. What an effect on the country at large.

The Roman Catholic church won't like this article—they don't like any of the articles I write. Neither did I like their article about Edison, so we are now tit for tat. I subscribe to a clipping bureau, and am kept fairly well posted on matters religious. I have to be. By a strange coincidence, the clipping bureau's mail to me that day contained, in addition to the spasm of "Holy ghost Gibson's," another very, very interesting article about the same Roman Catholic church, and the god it worships(?) Listen to it. It's good. Then think of the poor dupes wending their sanctimonious way to the "mass-house" every Sunday to have their "sins washed away by a pious agent of god."

Over this article, which appeared in the Chicago Tribune just recently, is a picture. And it's some picture too. In the middle of the picture is a "holy agent of god," a Roman Catholic priest. In his holy hands is a "blessed sacrament," and around his shoulders are a costly array of priestly robes. (Not much in keeping with the One who said "Birds have their nests, foxes have their holes, but the son of man hath not where to lay his head.") Hanging onto the tail of this "Holy man's" garment, are three kids on each side. They too are bedecked in costly robes, and in the rear there stands one more "padre." Several police, or "gendarmes," are in the mob, and directly in front of this holy man of the Roman church, and incidentally, of god, is a crowd of dogs. These dogs were to be used for hunt on St. Hubert's day, when a feast is held every year in France. The Catholic church says that this "saint" is the patron "saint" of all huntsmen. He had a remarkable experience one day, when a cross appeared between the antlers of a stag he had shot. This turned him to a saintly life. And in this picture, we have "god's agent" standing there with his paraphernalia, blessing a bunch of slut hounds, so that they can go out, and in god's name, kill some more deer. Maybe some



more crosses will appear between their antlers, and some more huntsmen will be turned into saints. (For the saint-mill evidently is still working.)

Think of that, reader. Blessing a bunch of dirty hounds, in the name of the god of this universe. You can readily see how representatives of such an organization are so ignorant that one of them will release the statement he did about Thomas Edison. You can also see the heathenish superstition of the outfit. God—the mighty Intelligence behind this universe—sanctioning the "blessing" of a bunch of slut dogs. Think of it—then ask yourself how in God's name can supposedly intelligent people tolerate such pagan stuff, and in the name of religion. I repeat, I hold no enmity toward any individual member of this Roman church. But I hate the structure. And the reason I hate it is because I know it. It is filling the minds of the people of this country with a fairy-story so rotten that it stinks. And it is doing it in the name of God. About the only god the Roman church knows anything about is itself.

Many times, while looking at the world picture of things religious as they exist, I am made very happy. For I see a shuffling amongst the dead bones of the "supernatural religionist." And what a glorious feeling comes over me. And what a country this will be when all of this Tommy-rot is forever banished, and men and women begin to depend on the power that brought them here in the first place. You do not think for a moment do you, that the mighty Spiritual Law—the great God-Law which made you and I, after he had made us, threw us on our own and said "good-bye"—"do the best you can." Nothing on that order ever happened. For we of "PSYCHIANA" know, and we know good and plenty that this mighty Life Spirit *still exists*. He, or rather *it, still lives, and it lives for you and for me*. It does not need black-robed priests with their diabolical teachings to "pilot you or me to heaven." Nor does it need anyone else to take upon themselves the solemn duty of advising people spiritually as an "agent of god." And if either preacher, or Roman priest tells you that either himself, or his church, exists by special dispensation of divine truth, given only to that church or to him, you tell that man he's a liar.

For God is *Law*. A mighty operating *Spiritual Law*. And the priest has not been born yet that has anything more to do with God than anyone else. The god the Catholic church have is a fictitious being that never existed. The whole structure is founded on lies and on hypocrisy. The only thing that sustains it is fear, and the superstition of their dupes. And that's fast dying. And to any priest anywhere, and to the pope of Rome himself, my closing word is this: *Keep your heathen superstition inside your own structure—don't come out publicly blaspheming such Americans as Thomas A. Edison*. For the chances are that this human benefactor knew more of the Spirit of God than your whole caboodle will ever know. What have you and your pagan church ever done for this country, other than to keep the people cowed down before the pope, under threat of purgatory. What scientific experiments have you conducted? What actual benefit have you ever been to mankind? Outside of the murdering of a few millions of "heretics," what good has your heathen teaching ever done anyone? Could you give us the electric light? I don't think so—you love candles too much—"holy" candles. Have you ever turned a finger towards giving us some real fact of the mighty Maker of this universe—God? By what right do you foist yourself off as a "holy" church? You are "holy" all right, but it's "wholly" wrong. No—Mr. Pope—and Mr. Padre, get wise to yourself—get on to the fact that your pagan dope is not welcome in this country any more. And get on to the further fact that Americans resent a foreign outfit publishing such a statement about such Americans as Edison—even though the statement be released by an "agent of god."

There is a whole lot more I could say on this subject, but I won't say any more now. I think I have said enough anyhow for once. But that's the way we feel about this brazen attempt of a foreign church organization to come into this country and try to malign the sacred name of one of its foremost benefactors. And we have a right to feel this way about it too. May the mighty Life Spirit hasten the day when every last American gets wise to the way he or she is being hoodooed by this foreign outfit, which is being kicked out of every country where it has a stronghold.





## ARE YOU AN . . . ENSLAVED GOD?

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### SPECIAL NOTICE

On account of the press of my time, I have not been able to answer questions this month. Next month though I shall have this department back again.

F. B. ROBINSON.

### WILLIAM D. PELLEY

There lies at my elbow as I write this, a letter from a Mr. O. E. Robbins, assistant editor of Mr. Pelley's *Liberator* magazine. In this letter Mr. Robbins makes the following statement: "May I ask that you refrain from publishing the article to which you refer regarding Mr. Pelley and his work, for we do not feel that you are in a position to handle such an article authoritatively, as you are not close enough to it, and if handled otherwise it is a detriment rather than a help." This letter came to me a few days ago, Mr. Robbins having seen in a recent issue of this magazine, the statement that I was shortly to write in response to many requests, my opinion of Mr. Pelley and his "League of Liberators," or whatever he calls it.

Like Will Rogers, all we know is what we see in the papers, and all we know of Mr. Pelley's work is what we see in his magazine. It may be granted, however, that we can read intelligently whenever we find something intelligent to read, and Mr. Robbins, when he sees this article, must understand that it is written and based upon what has appeared in his magazine. Surely I can form an opinion of the work through that can I not? It is a fact that many of my students have written asking me what I think of Mr. Pelley's work, and for some time I have been on the verge of writing an article covering that work. I am sorry to not be able to comply with Mr. Robbins' request and refrain from publishing this article, but too many of my students, like myself, want to know what all this "Pelleyism" is about.

I am free to admit that I can't make head nor tail of it, and Mr. Robbins is correct when he states that I am not close to the work. I have read every issue of that magazine from cover to cover, and still I can't for the life of me get what it is that Mr. Pelley is trying to do. I can't get his message at all. He says that his articles are "*psychically received*," and I wonder whether that means that they are originated in his own "psychic" brain. For if ever a man had a phychic brain I think Brother William has one. Perhaps I am dense—I may me—but I certainly am willing to admit that from a reading and study of the *Liberator*, it certainly is all dutch to me. Mr. Pelley came into the limelight a couple



of years ago through the publication of an article in the American Magazine called "My seven minutes in eternity." The article gave the impression that Brother Pelley, guarded by a police dog, died one night, and for seven minutes he was taken into the "hyperdimensional realm" and there, while in this realm of the "dead" saw many things which he is still attempting to pass along to those reading the magazine.

Of course I am in no position to say that Brother Pelley did not die and come back to life again. But I am in a position to say that I doubt it and doubt it very much indeed. It is more than likely that Pelley had been eating a little too heartily in that Altadena home of his, and, as perfectly natural, had a rather realistic dream. I question very much whether or not William Dudley Pelley passed out of his physical existence, only to come back again to it later. There are no such instances known of before, and while not doubting Pelley's word or his veracity, I just simply think he is mistaken—that's all.

At any rate, the path for William D. Pelley has been none too rosy from what we can gather since this "heavenly" experience of his. You do not see his articles in the larger magazines any more. On the other hand, we are given to understand that magazine publishing experience has not been so sweet, and certainly has not been very successful. Recently we have received a letter from the firm stating that this magazine, which was recently changed from a monthly to a weekly, would be made a monthly once more. The letter stated in effect that people were not rallying to the standard fast enough to justify its being continued as a weekly, hence it would be once more changed back again. I understand that magazine has had a rather stormy existence so far. I certainly hope Pelley gets whatever it is he is trying to do down on a common sense and sound financial basis before long. I have my doubts though.

Several months ago, the ad. of *Psychiana* was to be seen adorning the pages of Pelley's magazine. I think I was the first one to give him an ad. at his request. At any rate, when the ad. came to be paid for, on the tenth of the month, we mailed the corporation a check. The day after we received a wire from Pelley personally, stat-

ing that there has been some monkey-doodle business going on, and asking us to stop payment on the check. This we did, but a clerk in the bank paid the check anyhow, and so I don't know how it came out. It was enough to show me, however, that there was something rotten in Denmark, away back east in Pelley's publishing house. When Mr. Pelley started this work of his going, he very graciously condescended to write to me, asking for advice on how to put it over. My success at that time had become pretty well known, and I suppose that was the reason Pelley wrote me. Anyhow, he did write, and he did ask for my opinion on how to put his deal over.

We gave him the very best of our advice, and furthermore we ran a page ad. in our own magazine for him. The advice, however, evidently was not accepted, for Pelley did everything we suggested that he should not do. That's O.K. with us, however. He asked for my advice and he received it. It was his privilege to either accept or reject it, which ever he chose to do. I am just a little bit vain here perhaps, for I am of the opinion that if Pelley had have followed my advice in his business, he would have had a lot plainer and easier sailing than he has had. First the magazine lapsed an issue or two. Then it came out as a regularly. Then it became a weekly. Now it is back to a monthly again, and where we shall go from here no one knows but we hope for the very best for him, provided of course that he has an understandable message that everyone can grasp, and that will do good to whoever reads it. Personally, let me repeat, I must be quite ignorant and dense, for I admit that I cannot make sense out of his magazine.

Now Pelley is digging into Washington, D. C., and is introducing into the magazine a series of articles dealing with politics. And here once more Brother Pelley is wrong as we see it. If Pelley died, and went into the nether regions inhabited by the spirits of the departed dead, and if in some unexplained manner he came back to this earth again, then he has plenty to do explaining and telling us just what goes on in that realm in which Pelley says he spent seven minutes. One can learn and see a whole lot in seven minutes, and we should like very much to know just what goes on in that spirit realm about which



Pelley must know so much. Never mind politics at Washington, Bill, but tell us just how you receive these articles from the "psychic" realm. Maybe I can tap into that realm also. For the Lord knows I do enough writing for one man, and I surely would welcome someone who could lift the load from my shoulders a little bit. Instead of doing this, however, Pelley starts what he calls the *"League of Christian Economists,"* and he has his headquarters in Washington, D. C.

A piece of this literature lays before me now. This is what he says in part: *"A time of terrible disillusionment awaits the American people as the winter continues and that it is only a question of weeks before the nation is rocked by revelations beside which the Teapot Dome scandal was but a tempest in a teapot.—I tell you in ringing tones that you are not being given the truth by your newspapers or political representatives about the real cause of your sufferings.—I counsel no strife or bloodshed. I would stir up no hate. But I do believe in the right kind of publicity for evil, that innocent people may know what to avoid. I am issuing a clarion call to every man to whom this comes, with an iota of the blood of the Green Mountain boys in his veins, or every woman with the blood of those wives who stood by their men in every crisis in American history, to rise up now and give 100% support to those who are not afraid to light a great light (presumably Pelley) in a world that is black with the shadows of perversion. Take me at my word for the present and gauge my veracity by the character of the opposition increasingly raised against me."*

From this effusion one would judge that some master calamity was about to overtake America. Pelley gives the impression that he has "inside information" regarding this great catastrophe about to come over fair America. So I wrote to Pelley personally, asking him to tell me in confidence just what this "great cataclysm" was. Here is his reply:

"Dear Dr. Robinson:—Mr. Pelley asked me to reply to your letter of December 14th, as he is so overruled with weighty matters that he has to delegate most of his correspondence." Then follows some more remarks from Mr. Robbins, but not a word about the question I asked him. Not a

word about any coming calamity whatsoever. Nothing but a request that I refrain from publishing this article, which request I am complying with by publishing it. In the first place, I don't believe that William Dudley Pelley is any busier than I am. Nor do I believe that he has as many followers as I have. Certainly his work, which started just a little while after mine did, has not gone into over seventy different countries in one year. And yet I am able to personally answer every letter written to me from my students. I am able to write everything for this magazine. I am able to write a new twenty-lesson course. I am able to write a Brotherhood lesson every second week. I am able to successfully pioneer this movement to greater heights, and still I find time to meet everyone who calls on me.

Nor do I believe that Bill Pelley has any "weightier" matters on his mind than I have. When a man gets so busy with "weighty matters" that he has to "delegate" most of his correspondence, then either that man is obsessed with an exaggerated sense of his own importance or he is making a tremendous mark in the world. We do not believe from what we have read of Pelley's writings that he is going to make very much of a mark on the world. He may, but it is my personal opinion that he will not. For before any man can make his mark on the world he must have a message. And the public must be able to understand that message. This they cannot do in the case of Pelley, and to me, these veiled insinuations about what is to happen this winter which will rock the world, that I say, to me is propaganda. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if some promoter didn't have hold of Pelley and used him for his own ends.

What connection there is between "psychically received" and political corruption at Washington, I don't see. Nor would Pelley tell me. I asked the man in confidence just what he had up his sleeve, and he "delegated" the reply to someone else, whose only allusion to the matter was a request that I don't write anything about him and his work. Whenever Pelley has written to me he has had a personal answer. I have not "delegated" his letters to anyone, but have given him the very best of my advice. However, Pelley is running his own show. He says he is going



to start a "college" soon. So did Bryan at the Stokes trial. It was never built though.

Most of Pelley's writings in the magazine are about the dead being alive, and I want to say to Mr. Pelley right here and now that neither he nor anyone else knows whether the dead are alive or not. He will probably come back at me by stating that he knows that they are alive because he died for seven minutes and then came back to tell us about it. To that statement I shall reply: "All right, Brother Pelley—I believe you—but you go tell that to the Marines." A long desertation about "messages from the dead" is neither scientific nor enlightening. Nor can it ever do anyone any good. For no one knows a thing about this realm of the "dead." No one. Not even Pelley. And just as long as his labors and his magazine are devoted to "the dead" then I am afraid that there can be nothing much in the success line for him. I ask him when he reads this, to register this little prediction and see how far from the mark I come.

If there were anything enlightening in Pelley's message I think I should get it. But I don't get it at all. As far as his "League of Liberators" goes, I have letters from quite a few of them asking it they cannot present *Psychiana* in their respective towns. No. It can't be done, Brother Pelley. This dealing with the dead only appeals to "dead" ones. If you know anything at all about a Living God, who can do things *now* and *here*, then get busy and let's have some information about that. For neither you, nor I, nor any created soul knows a single thing of what goes on "beyond the tomb" and therefore it's all speculation. People today don't want to speculate, they want to know. Nor are they interested in anything transpiring in Washington, D. C. They want to know something about the Living, Vital Power of God. And you evidently haven't that message Mr. Pelley. So again my advice to you is to go get a message first, then put your business on a sound financial basis, then, and only then will the people come to you.

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EVER KNOWN—THE POWER OF THE  
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